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SHOT DOWN BY A WOMAN

New York Grocer Target For Bullets

ASSAILANT TAKES POISON

The Man Who Is Shot Is a Harlem Grocer, Ernest Schwannemann, Who the Woman Says Promised to Marry Her.

New York, Feb. 10.—Concealing a revolver in her muff, Martha Erickson waited six hours under the New York Central railroad viaduct at Park avenue and 128th street early yesterday, and as Ernest Schwannemann, grocer, was crossing the street, fired three shots at him, inflicting fatal wounds.

The police say Miss Erickson told them that Schwannemann had taken her away from her home and had refused to marry her when she was left without family or friends and that she said she hoped she had killed him.

Schwannemann fell at the first shot, but the woman continued to fire at him as he lay in the street. She then snatched the empty revolver at his brother, who was crossing the street with Schwannemann. Hiding the revolver in her muff, Miss Erickson started to run, but was overtaken and arrested.

On her way to the police station she swallowed poison and was taken to the Harlem hospital. It is believed she is in a dying condition. She had previously told the police that Schwannemann had promised to marry her, but three weeks ago he ceased to pay her any attention and had broken his promise. Miss Erickson conducts a grocery store in the Harlem section.

DR. ELIOT ON FADS.

Says It Is Absurd to Carry Multiplication Table Above 12.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 10.—Dr. Charles W. Eliot of Harvard addressed the Rochester public school teachers and talked of fads and fads, which he said train children better in the use of sense power than the methods of the old red school-house. He said:

"The new education takes just account of the fundamental importance of training eye and ear to hand and teaches the power of observation. These observational courses have turned out excessive arithmetic which, I consider, is the greatest improvement in 40 years."

"There has been an uprising of the public mind in defense of arithmetic, and yet it has little of importance in our public life. To carry the multiplication table beyond 12 is absurd."

Teachers should work against the tendency of the public school machine to turn out uniform products. The prime function of the teacher is to discover the abnormal boys and girls and further them. In the public school machine the teachers do not have that chance. But so far as I know, the teachers in Rochester have the best chance, because they have 35 children apiece, where Boston has over 50 to each teacher.

"Pupils should be taught to enjoy the schools; this life is meant for human development, happiness, justice and mercy. Children cannot be trained for life by making them do what they hate."

TRINITY'S REAL ESTATE.

New York Assembly Has Asked for a Report.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 10.—Trinity church corporation, New York City, came in for attention Monday night, owing to Assemblyman Quiviller's introduction of a resolution calling upon the commissioners of the land office of the state to furnish to the assembly forthwith all documents, deeds, leases, mortgages and grants affecting the real estate and property of the corporation from May 6, 1897, to Jan. 9, 1909. The attorney general is called upon to furnish all papers now on file in his office during the period mentioned pertaining to the property and litigation of the state against the church, and is asked to render an opinion as to whether the charter of the corporation comes within the purview of the decision of the trustees of Dartmouth college vs. Woodward.

The resolution recites among other things that the Trinity church corporation has not filed an account of its real estate holdings and personal property since 1854, excepting a statement issued by its rector, wardens and vestrymen during the year 1909, in which they said their real estate holdings are valued at about \$13,000,000, and that it is stated on competent authority that the real estate holdings in New York City are worth upwards of \$100,000,000, and the income from the real estate holdings is about \$6,000,000 a year.

FOUND DEAD IN BED.

George Sampson Was Important Witness in Murder Case on Trial.

Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 10.—George Sampson, father of Harry Sampson, whose wife, Georgia A. Sampson, was arraigned at Lyons, N. Y., Monday charged with the murder of her husband, was found dead in bed at his home at Palmyra yesterday morning. He was a brother of the late Rear Admiral Sampson, and was an important witness for the prosecution of his daughter-in-law. The coroner has been notified, but as Mr. Sampson died peacefully in bed, it is thought that his passing away was natural under the circumstances, as he was well along in years.

AGED WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH.

Mrs. Elmira Hall Lived Alone Near North Bennington.

Bennington, Feb. 10.—Mrs. Elmira Hall, aged 75 years, who lived alone in a district known as "The Guide Board," about a mile west of North Bennington, was burned to death yesterday. Her daughter, Mrs. George Mason, who lives across the road, noticed a fire and hurrying home found her mother in her sleeping room, dead. Her clothing is supposed to have caught fire from the kitchen stove.

IRISH LEAGUE IN SESSION

Two Thousand Delegates at the Convention

GREETING FROM AMERICA

Gives Interesting Information—People Here Contribute to Cause \$25,000—Session Adopts Usual Home Rule Resolution.

Dublin, Feb. 10.—The national convention of the United Irish league was opened at the Mansion House yesterday under the presidency of John Redmond. The attendance was immense, the delegates from all parts of Ireland and Great Britain aggregating about two thousand.

Messages of congratulation and good wishes from America, Australia and elsewhere were read. The greeting to the league from America contained also the welcoming intelligence that the sum of \$25,000 was now on its way, and then another remittance for the Irish cause would follow speedily.

Opening the congress, Mr. Redmond said: "Ireland's good name is at stake and Ireland's capacity for self-government will be judged by the conduct of this assembly. Therefore everyone who speaks should weigh his words carefully."

The convention then adopted the usual home rule resolution and declared that this question must be made a vital issue at the next election. The mayor of Sligo, who seconded this motion, explained that what was demanded was "Ireland for the Irish, with our own native government in the college green."

An attempt to tack on to the resolution, pledging the support of the convention to the Irish party an amendment, to instruct the party to "oppose and embarrass the Liberal government by every means in its power," because of Premier Asquith's refusal to make home rule an issue in the general election, was defeated.

It became apparent early that Mr. Redmond was in control of the convention, and the speeches of the Sinn Féin men charging that the party was too friendly with the Liberals were shouted down.

William O'Brien was given a distinctly hostile reception when he opposed Chief Secretary for Ireland Birrell's land bill. He was constantly interrupted. At one stage of his remarks one of his supporters, Eugene Crean, member of Parliament from the Southeast division of Cork, rushed to the platform apparently with the object of attacking Mr. Redmond, but after a sharp scuffle he was hustled away.

A resolution urging the acceptance of Mr. Birrell's land bill, subject to the necessary amendment, was moved by Mr. Redmond himself. The Irish leader declared that Mr. Birrell had advised the Irish tax payers of their liability for \$2,500,000 a year to which they were subject under the Wyndham act, that he had compelled obstructive landlords to sell, and that such a bill should not be thrown to the dust heap. Mr. O'Brien followed with a strong condemnation of the bill and was greeted with much noisy laughter, whistling and groans which developed into an uproar when Mr. Crean rushed forward to the platform.

Mr. O'Brien's attempts to be heard were fruitless. Finally, exhausted by his efforts, he left the platform declaring the incident would not end there. A number of other amendments were submitted, but the convention was not in the humor to listen to the O'Brienites and Mr. Redmond's resolution was adopted with only ten dissenting votes.

DIES AMONG GYPSIES.

Countess Feticska Refused to Leave Her Fiddler Husband.

Vienna, Feb. 10.—Countess Ilma Feticska, who recently came into the large fortune of her mother, is dead, with her new-born child, at the abode of her husband, Rudi Nyary, a gypsy.

Her father, Count Paul Feticska, is a member of one of the proudest families in Austria. Twenty years ago she married Wilhelm Fischer, a woman of great beauty but humble position. She had a large fortune.

Austrian society refused to receive her, and she left Count Paul and went to live in Paris. Her daughter, Ilma, attained her majority (24 years) recently and came into her mother's fortune. She had been living among the gypsies for two years when she reached her majority, and although her father offered her fiddler husband a large sum of money to give her up, she refused to leave him.

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MAGAZINE REVIEW.

THREE MILLIONS LOST IN A DAY.

Wall Street Gamblers Lose in Two and a Half Days More Than the Monte Carlo Bank Takes in a Year.

During the week ending September 30, 1908, there was sold \$68,732,000 worth of stock, and during the same week \$10,471,500 in bonds. In other words, the value of the stock purchased to be sold was over twenty-seven times the value of the bonds actually sold. The total number of bonds reported may all have been honestly sold, but the total shares of stock were just as certainly not honestly sold. Most members of the New York stock exchange will tell you that only about one per cent. of the sales of stocks is for actual investment, the balance being sales upon margin, simply gambling contracts. But let us be conservative and acknowledge that one tenth of the sales are for investment. If we deduct ten per cent. from the sales of the week, we have been considering, we find that 5,018,400 shares were dealt in on margin, an average of 836,400 shares a day. At two points margin this would mean that every day the sum of \$8,364,000 was risked in gambling contracts on the New York stock exchange. Take the most generous estimate of winning orders, and we find that the figure that the unsuccessful gamblers lost but half their margins, and we find a gross loss in one day of \$3,182,000. During 1907 the winnings of the bank of Monte Carlo were \$7,500,000. Wall street takes more than that from its gamblers in two and one half days. And yet gamblers, and legislators, and district attorneys, and police, and magistrates worry over the petty gambling of the race-track, the trivial operations of Dick Canfield, or the newsboys who shoot craps on the sand pile—Frederick S. Dickson, in the February Everybody's.

Farmers Week at the University of Vermont.

There will be held at the university of Vermont, under the joint auspices of the new commissioner of agriculture and that institution, during the second week in March a "Farmers Week." It is expected this will be the first annual event of this character. The work will consist of addresses by the university instructors and others, demonstrations, and in the evening stereopticon talks. The general line of work will be similar to that which has hitherto been successfully carried out in Maine, New York and several western states. In another issue we expect to publish quite a full statement as to the program. The meetings which begin Monday evening and last until Friday afternoon are free to anybody who wishes to attend any or all of them. Our next statement will contain details as to railroad fares, hotel bills, etc.

MERCILESS KENTISH KNOCK.

This Real Davy Jones' Locker Is a Vast Cemetery For All Ships That Are Gripped by Its Relentless Sands. Sable Island's Fingers of Death.

The exact location of Davy Jones' locker is not shown on any ocean chart extant, principally because it is a state and not a place, but if any one ocean death trap deserves the title it is the Thames estuary. The British naval department has a chart upon which it marks the position of wrecks with a black dot. On this chart the Thames mouth tract is a solid black spot. So numerous have been the wrecks that the dots run together. The point where the black dots actually pile one on top of another is the Kentish Knock, and this is the place among all of the ocean's danger spots that deserves the title of Davy Jones' locker.

At the Kentish Knock it is not keel shattering rocks of piercing points of coral that wreck the ocean travelers. It is sand, treacherous, clinging sand, that grasps the doomed ship with a grip of steel and holds it firmly while the angry sea beats it to fragments. Many a vessel posted at Lloyd's as missing would be duly accounted for if the Knock sand would give up its booty. There is no hope for ship or man when Father Neptune asks toll at the Kentish Knock, for the nearest land is twenty miles away and the nearest lifeboat at Margate, thirty miles away.

The sands of the ocean are far more dangerous than the rocks. The sand banks extend over more space, therefore offer more points of contact than the rocks, which usually rise out of the water in smooth waves, and there are no warning breakers.

Next to the Thames mouth tract in point of danger is the Hugel, the salt

water river on which Calcutta stands. The most trying part of a large vessel's voyage from New York to Calcutta is the last few miles of this calm river. In this strange river in windless weather and flat, calm water vessels have been lost, dashed to pieces on the ever shifting sand banks by the force of the tides. The sands grasp the keel of the marked vessel, and she stops, but the tide moves on with relentless force, and the helpless ship is carried over on her beam ends. She careens over and founders with all on board. One of the worst shoals in the Hugel bears the name of James and Mary. It was the name of a great Indian merchant shipwrecked on the sunken sand banks. Another danger point dreaded by the master mariner has neither sand nor rocks, but a great submarine waterfall. In the English channel there is a point just beyond the Shambles banks where there is a sudden drop in the sea bottom, creating rapids equal in fury to those of Niagara. The American ship Georgian foundered in Portland race, the name by which this danger point is known, and all hands went down with her.

Ships bound to New York from Europe pass quite near a deadly hidden shoal which runs out from Sable Island, lying off Sable cape, in Nova Scotia. The shoal runs out for miles in five directions like the fingers of a great hand reaching out for what it can destroy. When the gales blow, heavy seas boom upon the shoals with sufficient force to shatter the stanchest vessel afloat, and when the wind ceases the beaches are strewn with wreckage and the bodies of those who have perished. The distance from the shore is too great and the surf too heavy for the life savers to reach a struggling vessel, and few lives are saved at this point. Ten vessels have been wrecked in this trap in a single day.

The rocky danger points in the ocean have nearly all been tagged, and light-

houses have been erected on the most dangerous—all except one. There is no lighthouse on the Virgin rock, and there never will be. Out in the mid-Atlantic a giant pinnacle rears its head up from the ocean floor and endeavors vainly to reach the surface of the sea. It is too short by about eighteen feet. There it stands with its sharp point hidden by the ocean waves, waiting to pierce the bottom of some unsuspecting vessel and send it down to join the pile of shipwrecks and dead men's bones that litter the floor around its base. The waves seem to be in league with the rock, for if a vessel of light draft tries to pass over its head the waves shoot it down into a trough at the bottom of which the point of the rock is waiting to rip out her keel.

These danger spots, however, are but annexes to the real Davy Jones' locker, the Kenish Knock, that cemetery of ships and men where dripping ghosts of master mariners and their men sit over the ruins of their vessels.—B. R. Wigglesworth in Los Angeles Times.

Railway Workers of Canada. Twenty per cent of the population of Canada earns its living in connection with the country's carrying trade. Railroad employees alone number 124,000.

LABOR BRIEFS.

The annual convention of the trades and labor congress of Canada has been called for September at Halifax. The Alaskan fisheries give employment to over 5,000 fishermen, the majority of whom are now organized. The fifty-second anniversary of the eight hour demonstration was held in Melbourne, Australia, recently.

The National Miners' Federation of France, with a total membership of 80,000 men, has decided to affiliate with the General Federation of Labor for the purpose of acquiring greater strength.

Stop Women And Consider

This Fact—that in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience with women's diseases covers twenty-five years.

The present Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, was for years under her direction, and has ever since her decease continued to advise women.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty causes them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probable examinations of even their family physician. Such questioning and examination is unnecessary. Without cost you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

MRS. PINKHAM'S STANDING INVITATION:

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established this confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Never has she published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

A Woman Hater.

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A crusty old bachelor told me this. He ought to be ashamed of himself. "Dear," said young Mrs. Herkimer, "what did you mean by saying to Tom Fowler that you are a woman hater? He'll tell his wife, and it will get all over town."

"Well, sweetheart, it doesn't matter to you, so long as I don't hate you." "Yes, it does. Every woman wishes her husband to be liked by other women. Of course your saying such a thing will make you dreadfully unpopular."

"It can't be helped now. The deed is done. Fowler, I know, is a dreadful gossip. I suppose I'll soon get cut right and left."

"Indeed you will. And what will people think of me? They will naturally infer that you have derived your bad opinion of our sex from me." "I shall continue to show them by my treatment of you that you are the only one of the lot I love."

The next evening Mr. and Mrs. Bob Herkimer went to Mrs. Ellis' reception. When they returned and were preparing for rest Mrs. Herkimer, doing her hair, said:

"Bob, I was standing among a group tonight when you passed with Gertrude Lee. A woman near me, not knowing I was your wife, said:

"There goes that horrid Herkimer. He avows himself a woman hater. He should be read out of society."

"The lady's age?" asked Herkimer impatiently.

"About fifty."

"Married or single?"

"Single."

"Name, please."

"Miss Susan Jones."

"Miss Jones doesn't count with me. She is aggressive, ambitious and, above all, very smart."

"That's the worst of it. She will say lots of bright things against you."

"Well, dear, I'll have to endure it. Good night. I'm tired and sleepy."

The Herkimeres were "out" a good deal, and Mrs. Herkimer was much troubled about an evident change in her husband's position. Several women whom he had known gave him the cut direct, while others spoke to him when they met him very coolly.

"You see," said his wife, "the folly of your indiscretion."

"I have not yet been cut by any woman whose opinion I value. Most of them are old maids, and none of them is of an especially feminine type. Mrs. Montague is the mother of a family, but she is more interested in the extension of the vote to women than the interests of her children. Mrs. Tweed is engaged in fighting her brothers and sisters over her late father's will. Mrs. Arubuckle is using Mrs. Tweed to help her into society. I'm waiting for a woman to cut me who is a real good, lovely woman."

"You'll find plenty of them in time."

"Very well, sweetheart; since you are so distressed about it I'll see what I can do to get myself liked again."

"Will you attempt to placate the women you have mentioned?"

"By no means. I shall attempt to overbalance their opinion by making friends with the most attractive."

Mrs. Herkimer maintained a profound silence for several minutes. Then she said:

"Perhaps you had better let the matter drop. They will find a new subject to talk about soon."

"You are the one to decide that matter, sweetheart. It is you who are sensitive over my disgrace, not I. Since you wish it I will take no action."

A few months later Mrs. Herkimer said in an impressive, measured tone to her husband at the breakfast table, "Bob, I have concluded to 'regret' all invitations for the balance of the year."

"Why so, sweetheart?" looking up, surprised, from his paper.

"For some time past I have noticed that certain women of our set are endeavoring to attract your attention."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do, and I don't like it."

"Do you blame me?"

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